Complete Novel Each Week in The Evening World By Rex Beach A Farce - Romance of the Big Outdoors

OTRIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

ON'T forget me," said Fresno, pushing into the

"Mr. Berkeley Fresno

win prize after prize and never underwin prize after prize and never undertake to compete against him?"

Speed blushed faintly, as any modset man might have done.

"Did I tell you that?" he inquired.

"I told the boys what you said, beyond all reason; for Stover essayed

"Then please don't speak of it to s deal that first day, but"—
"But I have spoken of it, and I said

thought it was fine of you."
"You have spoken of it?"
"Yes; I told Jean."
The Yale man undertook to change

The Yale man undertook to change the conversation abruptly, but Miss Blake was a determined young lady. She continued:

"Of course, it was very magnanimous of you to always step aside in favor of your best friend; but it isn't fair to yourself—it really isn't. And so I have arranged a little plan whereby you can do something to prove your prowess, and still not interfere with Mr. Covington in the least."

"Mr. Berkeley Fresno

Leland Stanford University."

"Hello, Frez!" Speed thrust out his hand warmly. Not so the Californian. He replied with hauteur:

"Fresno! F-r-e-s-n-o;" and allowed the newcomer to grasp a limp, motst hand.

"Ah! Go to the head of the class!
I'm sorry you broke your wrist, however." The Eastern lad spoke lightly, and gave the palm a hearty squeeze, then turned to Jean.

"This could be funny if it were not so tragic. I told them you would win to be furned to Jean.

"This case would be furned them. And you will, won't you? Please!" She turned her blue eyes upon him appealingly, and the young man was lost.

"Til take ten chances," he said.

then turned to Jean.

"I dare say you are all disappointed, Miss Chapin, that Culver didn't come with me, but he'll be along in a day or \$0. I simply couldn't wait." He avoided glancing at Heien Blake, whose answering blush was lost in the darkness.

"I did think when you drove up that might be Mr. Covington with vou," Miss Chapin remarked, wistfully.

"Oh no, that's my man." Speed glanced around him. "And, by the way, where is he?"

"The sound of angry voices came through the gloom, then out into the light came Still Bill Stover, Willie, and Carara, dragging between them a globular person who was rebeiling "Why not?" inquired he, suspiciously.

and Carara, dragging between them a "Why not?" inquired he, suspiglobular person who was rebelling clously.
"I don't know, I'm sure."
"If Miss Chapin doesn't want Culwiss Chapin, stepping to the edge of ver to run, you surely wouldn't want the versanda.
"This gent stampedes in the midst "Not at all. If Mr. Covington knew

The first war first of the stands of the sta



The stands have been proposed and the stands of the stands

mind?" inquired Speed. "Td like to see you." Glass,

a hammock talk?"

nature.

due to arrive a few days thereafter.

"We'd like to make it to-morrow," If I don't marry that girl, I—I'll go off my balance, that's all, and I'm not "We'd like to make it to-morrow," ventured Willie.
"Oh, but I must have a chance to get in trim," said the college man.
"One week from Saturday goes," and he's got a mint of noney. Well, announced Stover, "and we thank you again," Turning to Carara, he directed: "Rope your buckskin and hike for the Centipede. Tell 'em to death, I'm going into training, I'm going to break my heart. Understand! I am going to be so desperately disappointed that I'll have to choose between suicide and marriage. The way I feel now, I think I'll choose marriage. But you must help." "And don't waste no time neither," directed Willie. "You tear like a jack-rabbit ahead of a hot wind."

Jack-rabbit ahead of a hot wind."

Carara tossed his cigarette aside and the sound of his spurs was lost around the corner of the house.

"This makes a boy of me," the last speaker continued. "I can hear the plaintiff notes of Madam-o-sella Mel-

don't waste no time neither."

I Willie. "You tear like a bibit ahead of a hot wind."

a tossed his cigarette aside a sound of his spurs was lost the corner of the house.

I makes a boy of me," the last recontinued. "I can hear the first place. I wast some straining quarters."

"That's right, don't be a piker."

"And I want you to boost."

"I'm there! When do we begin?"

"Right away. Unpack my renning."

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"I'm the first place. I

"And I want you to boost."

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"And I want you to boost."

"I'm there! When do we begin?"

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strolled up to the steps.
"Hello, Larry! What's on your

ing:
"Miss Blake, did I ever tell you clad about the time I sang 'Dearie' to the ut-mayor's daughter in Walla Walla?" in his sportiest garments, seemed utterly lacking in the proper appreciation of a valet's position. He treated his employer with a tolerant good

Miss Blake excused herself and went into the house, whereupon her companion showed his irritation. "See here, Larry, don't you know better than to interrupt me in the midst of

"Oh, that's all right," wheezed the

trainer. "As long as you didn't spill her out, she'll be back."
"Well, what is it?"
"I had a stomach-laugh slipped to me just now." He began to shake.

"Indeed!"
Sure!" The Native Son of the Gölden West shook up a hammock cushion for the girl. "Tenor!" said "he sententiously.
"Bay no more," Speed remarked; "it's all right with us!"
Fresno looked up.
"What's wrong with my singing?"
"Oh, I've just told the girls that you're going to run that foot race," Helen interposed hurriedly, at which Fresno exploded.
"What's wrong with my running?" inquired Speed.
"I can beat you!"
Larry Glass nudged his employer

gals will get wise." He selected one, and read on the reverse side. "Clerk of the Course"; another was engraved "Starter." All were official badges of some sort or other. "You always were strong on the Reception Committee' stuff. There's six of them, said he.

Speed pointed to the bureau.

"Try a nai-file. Hee if you can't scratch off the lettering. How's this?" He read what he had written for the wire. "Culver Covington, and so forth. Come quick. First train. Native Bon making love to Jean.—Wally." Ten words, and it tells the whole story. I can hardly explain why I want him, can I? He expects to stop off in Omaha for a day or two, but he'll be under way in an hour after he gets this. I hate to spoil his little visit, but he can take that in on his way home. Now Fil ring for somebody, and have this taken over to the station by the first wagon."

"Say, you better scratch this Freeno," said Larry.

"Why?"

it ad a chic bow upon one of the wood-ent handles. "There! We can let him in handles. "Oh, dear!" Jean descended from her precarious position and admitted. "The tired out."

All that morning the three had labored that such things were not only customary but necessory who had declared that such things were not only customary but necessory into training quarters for Speed, who had declared that such things were not only customary but necessory who had declared that such things were not only customary but necessory into training quarters for Speed, who had declared that such things were not only customary but necessory into training quarters for Speed, who had declared that such things were not only customary but necessory into training quarters for Speed, who had declared that such things were not only customary but necessory into training quarters for Speed, who had declared that such things were not only customary but necessory into training quarters for Speed, "The train training quarters for Speed, who had

"He's hep to you."

Nonsense!"
Glass looked up at a sound, to discussed the presence of her latest sound in answer to Speed's color. He was everywhere, he inspired tonic. He was every where, he inspired

"Fine! We'll have secret practice! That suits me perfectly." Speed laughed with joy.

From inside the house came the strains of "Dearie," sung in a sympathetic tenor, and upon the conclusion Berkeley Freeno's voice inquiring:

"Miss Blake, did I ever tell you about the time I sang 'Dearie' to the mayor's daughter in Walla Walla?"

Miss Blake appeared on the gallery with her musical admirer at her elbow.

"Yes," said she sweetly. "You told me all about the mayor's daughter a week ago." Then spying Speed and his companion, she exclaimed: "Mr. Fresno has a fine voice, hasn't he? He sings with the Stanford Glee Club."

"Indeed!"

"How do I look?" he queried.

"Immense! If she likes athletes, this dreams monopoised by a rival, his dreams monopoised

boys we'd better hold a stop-watch on you and see what shape your're in."

"A stop-watch?" said Glass, sharply.

"Yes. I have one."

"No!" he admonished, as his protege turned upon him. "Some other time, mebbe. You're just off a long trip, and I can't risk gettin' you stove up."

"To-morrow, perhaps," urged Fresno.

"I wouldn't promise."

"Then the next day. I've timed lots of men. The watch is correct."

"Lat's see it." Glass held out his hand.

"Oh, it's a good watch."

"I wouldn't a good nature.

"Shall we let them in?" she im-quired. "We have done all we can."

"Yes, i we have finished."

In a flutter of anticipation Jean and Helen put the final tomches to their task, while Mrs. Keen steeped to the door and called speed.

He came at once, followed by Larry Glass, who, upon grasping the scheme of decoration, amote his brow and balanced dissily upon his heels. "It's wonderful!" ejaculated the young athlete. "Those college flags give it just the right touch. And see the cosy-corner."

(To Be Continued.)

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